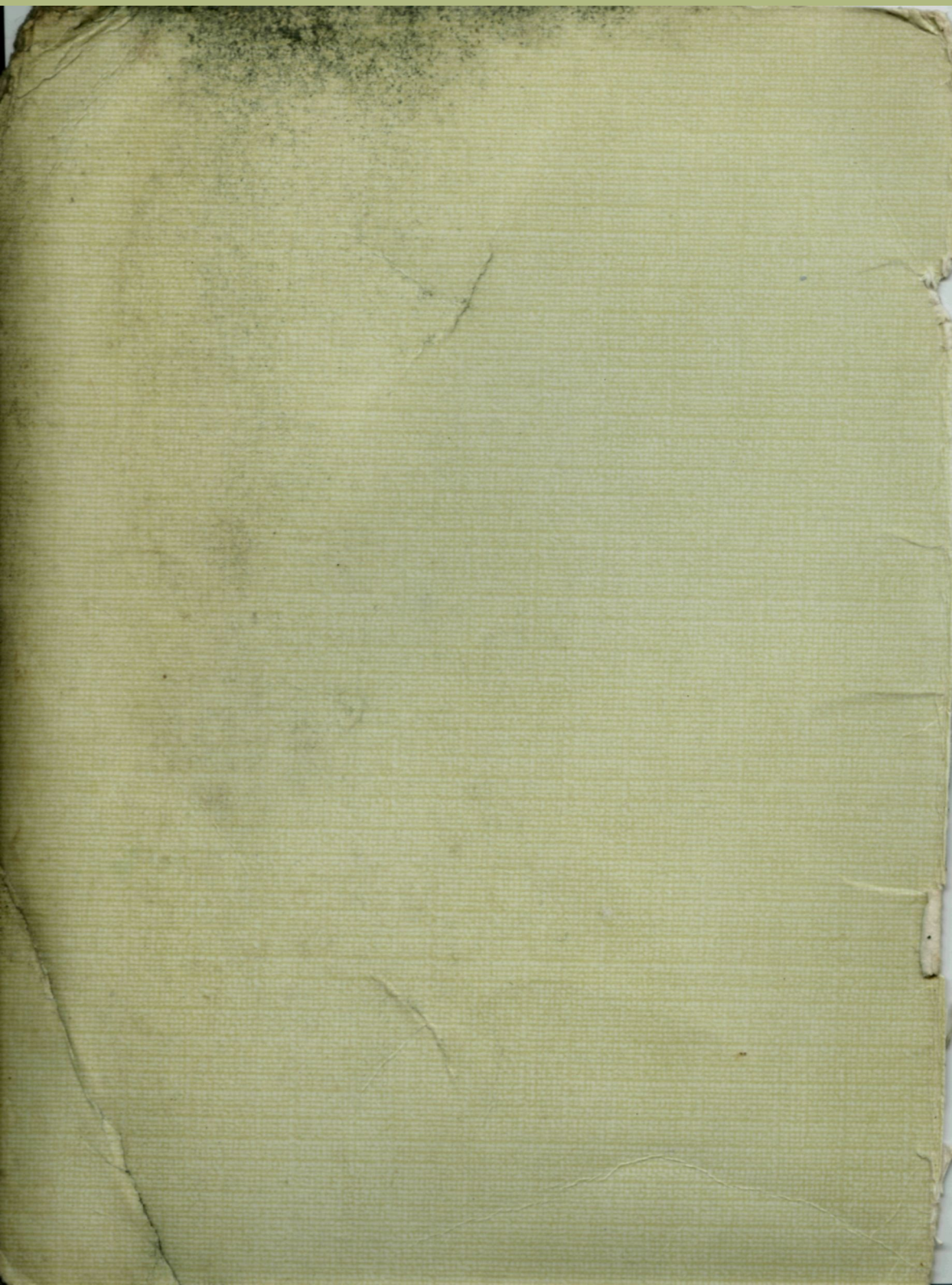


Down
Mother
Goose
Lane





This

Down
Mother
Goose
Lane

book

belongs to

Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."
Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny,"
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."



Little Bo-Peep

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them.

Leave them alone,
And they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.



Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet
sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds
and whey;
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened
Miss Muffet away.



Curly Locks

Curly Locks, Curly Locks,
 Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash the dishes,
 Nor yet feed the swine.
But sit on a cushion
 And sew a fine seam
And feed upon strawberries,
 Sugar and cream.



Goosey,
Goosey
Gander

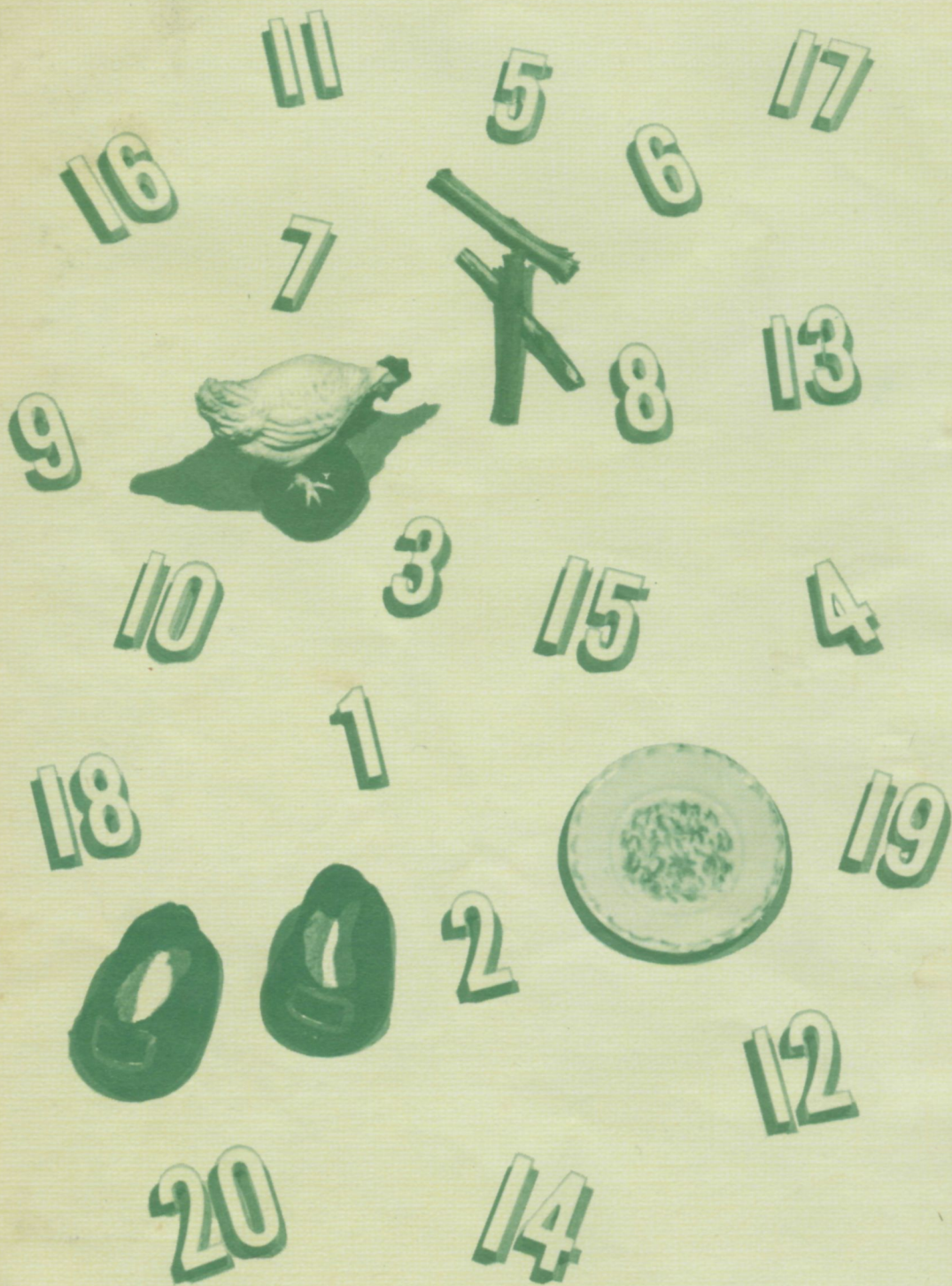
Goosey, Goosey Gander,
Where do you wander?
Upstairs and downstairs
In my lady's chamber.



Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater

Peter, Peter,
pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and
couldn't keep her;
He put her in a
pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her
very well.





One, two, buckle my shoe

One, two, buckle my shoe;

Three, four, shut the door;

Five, six, pick up sticks;

Seven, eight, lay them straight;

Nine, ten, a good fat hen;

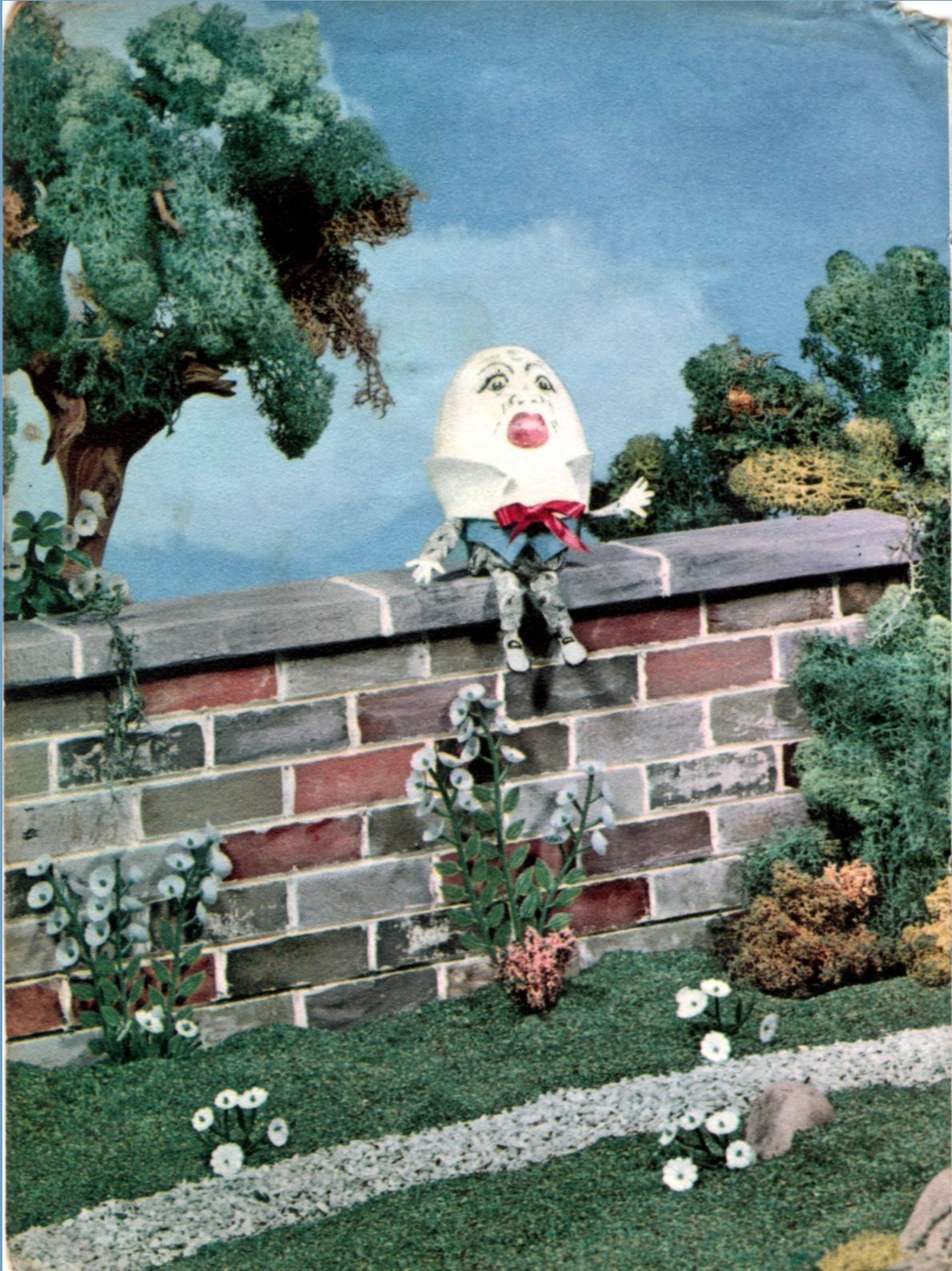
Eleven, twelve, dig and delve;

Thirteen, fourteen, maids are courting;

Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen;

Seventeen, eighteen, maids are waiting;

Nineteen, twenty, my plate's empty



Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;

All the King's horses
And all the King's men

Cannot put Humpty Dumpty
together again.



Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie
 runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
 in his nightgown;
Rapping at the window,
 crying through the lock,
"Are the children
 in their beds?
Now it's eight o'clock."



Mary, Mary Quite *Contrary*

Mary, Mary,
quite contrary,
How does your
garden grow?
Silver bells and
cockle-shells,
And pretty maids
all in a row.



Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run,
The pig was eat
And Tom was beat
And Tom ran crying down the street.



Old Woman in a Basket

There was an old woman
tossed in a basket,
Seventeen times as high
as the moon;
But where she was going
no mortal could tell,
For under her arm
she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman,
old woman," said I,
"Whither, oh, whither,
oh, whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs
from the sky;
And I'll be with you
by-and-by."



Little Boy, Blue

Little Boy Blue,
Come, blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy
That looks after the sheep?
Under the haystack,
Fast asleep!



